

Animals

OUR DUMB





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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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What Is Humane Education?

WE are often asked this question and there are, of course, many ways of answering. Dr. William F. H. Wentzel, Secretary and Director of Humane Education of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society, has phrased the answer excellently from his own twenty-five years' experience in this field. Here is his approach to the problem:

"We hold as self-evident the proposition that every child is endowed with qualities to motivate desirable behavior toward the life about him, to make effective his inherent desires for the well-being of the creatures in his environment, and to help him choose the ways of justice, mercy, truth and kindness.

"We recognize the importance of humane education in the school program as it serves to direct the potential forces of mind and body toward the realization of a better self.

"We accept the interpretation that the study of the humanities affects thought and action to the improvement of the individual's behavior toward man and beast and to the improvement of character.

"We see in humane education the expression of the pattern for ideal living and for the advancement of civilization.

"We hold that by responsible activity and understanding in the study of animal life, the individual may develop a noble philosophy of life in which the world of creatures provides a laboratory for classification, identification and practical service in the care, protection and conservation of all that is best in a living world."

E. H. H.

Number One Citizen

By Simon M. Schwartz

THIS is the story of "Bob," a dog who has become the Number One Citizen of a small town, Woodburn, Indiana. No resident of that town is held in more esteem than Bob, a canine who represents characteristics of several breeds of dogs. As the first citizen of Woodburn, Bob even supersedes the mayor!

Bob began life as a farm dog, belonging to a landowner living near Woodburn. Bob soon became an old cowhand and led a happy life on the farm until a few years ago when his master moved to Nebraska and decided to leave Bob behind with a neighbor. But the old home was no home at all without the master, so Bob took off for the city and just moped around.

His mournful demeanor scored a warm response in the sympathetic hearts of the Woodburn citizens and he received many a consoling pat. He never forgot them and after several attempts to take him back to the country, his new owner gave up, for Bob had definitely decided to become a citizen of Woodburn, though to be sure, just an ordinary citizen at that time.

It was only a short time until Bob had cultivated a sizable circle of friends. The first to accept him were the owners of the Ford Garage, and the hamburgers and ice cream fed him daily made the dog decide that city life was for him. Now everyone knows him and he receives universal attention.

Bob discharges a variety of civic obligations, the most important of which occurs every noon at the exact stroke of twelve. He seems to have an uncanny way of sensing when the meridian hour approaches and some of his ardent admirers insist that he can actually tell time by the clock.

But be that as it may, a few minutes before twelve Bob, like a singer, starts testing his voice with a few low, critical barks and then as the town fire siren screams out the hour of noon, Bob joins with a long, wailing howl that trails along in a gradual diminuendo several seconds after the siren has stopped.

Bob's implicit faith in his friends almost cost him his life recently. Whenever Bob happened to be lying in the street he didn't worry, for he knew that his friends would drive their cars around him. However, a transient motorist

driving through the town not long ago honked his horn, thinking Bob would move out of his way. But he didn't—in time. Bob was tumbled end over end, and when the dust had cleared he was found to have a badly fractured front leg.

Bob just couldn't understand, thought the town had turned against him, and refused all efforts to lead him into a car to take him to a veterinarian. He wandered around town the best he could for a few days, loudly bewailing his pain. The only person who could get close to him was a sympathetic woman who comforted him.

Finally the Humane Society, 12 miles away, was called and an officer responded. Then, several warm-hearted citizens of Woodburn declared the town could not get along without Bob. The people were told it was a bad fracture, but it would not be necessary to put the dog to sleep if someone would stand the considerable expense of having the shattered leg repaired.

His friends quickly underwrote Bob's veterinary expenses and soon he was on his way to the animal hospital. He was a problem patient, proceeding to chew off splints as fast as they could be put on. This dilemma was finally settled by fastening the bones together with pins.

While he was in the hospital, containers decorated with a picture of a dog on crutches and labelled "BOB" appeared in many of Woodburn's stores. The response was phenomenal; there were enough generous contributions to pay all Bob's hospital and veterinary expenses, as well as to provide a handsome "social security" fund for his old age.

Bob has resumed his old routine but it is doubtful that he will ever again be as active. He doesn't have to be, as far as automobiles are concerned, for his friends have decided that whenever he wants to cross the street somebody is going to act as his escort.

Woodburn's first citizen is literally "eating up" all the sympathy and tidbits that are being extended him on every hand. His misfortune has been a blessing in disguise, for it has endeared him even more to the citizens of Woodburn and he will never want for anything as long as he lives.

More Items Needed

SO enthusiastic was the response to this column last month that we are venturing to add to the list of vital needs both for our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and the Boston Work Horse Relief Association which became one of the units in our state-wide program of animal relief.

We sincerely hope that other friends of our Society will wish to contribute one or more of these items:

X-RAY—In this most important field of our Hospital work, the x-ray plays a vital part in determining the magnitude and location of internal injuries. Equipment necessary and currently needed are:

Two pairs leaded	
x-ray gloves	each \$22.00
Two leaded x-ray aprons	each 14.50
One safe light for x-ray	30.00

AUREOMYCIN—21 capsules are sufficient to treat a dog with chronic ear infection. This number would cost \$8.40.

CORTISONE—One bottle, costing \$20.00, will help as many as five or six animals through a chronic illness.

PENICILLIN for the treatment of an average animal during hospitalization amounts to \$14.00.

SERUM for the treatment of an average case of distemper or infectious hepatitis costs \$8.00.

ABSORBENT COTTON—A common item, but one which is used in unlimited quantities in the treatment of our animal patients. This can be purchased for \$.80 per pound.

TANNIC SPRAY used in the treatment of burns is vitally necessary and must be kept on hand at all times in our Hospital. The cost of this material is \$1.50 a bottle.

Contributions to defray these many expenses will be gratefully received. Please address your gifts to the Treasurer, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

"Greedy" Comes Back

By Josephine Mathers Cook

PAT stood at the kitchen window with his nose pressed against the pane and his eyes fixed on the garden. "What are you looking at?" asked his brother Jerry.

"I'm watching for 'Greedy,' my pet groundhog. You know this is February second, the day he comes back," said Pat.

"Why are you so sure?" queried Jerry.

"Because Grandpa said this is the date the groundhog awakes from his long nap and comes out of the ground to see how the weather is."

"Yes," said Jerry, "and according to the legend, if the sun is shining he will see his shadow, go back to his home and we will have more cold weather."

"Well, Greedy won't see his shadow on a cloudy day like this," ventured Pat.

"Greedy has probably forgotten all about you," added Jerry.

But Pat didn't think this was possible. It seemed but yesterday, although it was last spring, that he and his dad had been walking through the nearby woods and had come upon a baby groundhog with his leg caught in an old trap.

After working for some time, they got the little animal loose, then Pat picked him up and took him home. He bound up the bleeding leg, fed him some young greens from the garden and fixed a bed of hay for him to lie on.

Pat gathered food for his new pet until his leg was healed. Then one day he discovered Greedy limping off to the



Greedy would look all around with his sharp eyes, searching for enemies. —Photo by Karl H. Maslowski

field for clover and alfalfa. Often he would sleep in the sunshine near the kitchen door or follow Pat around when he did his chores.

Some time after Greedy was able to use his leg again, Pat had another surprise. He found piles of loose dirt at the edge of the woods. Pushing them aside he found a deep hole with several rooms and two more openings. He was puzzled. What animal had dug that hole? He hid behind a nearby tree to watch. Soon Pat saw Greedy come wobbling along the path and go down into the ground. Greedy was growing up! He had made himself a new home.

Each day before Greedy would set out in search of a meal, he would look all around, turn his sharp eyes and ears in all directions for sights and sounds of danger. Then he would bound off to the garden.

As summer went on he ate and ate until he became very fat. It was then that Pat named him Greedy. His fur grew long and coarse, a grayish black above and a reddish brown below. Pat thought him an odd looking animal with his short, thick legs, bushy tail, broad head and long whiskers.

At the first signs of cold weather Greedy disappeared. The entrance to his burrow was covered over. Greedy had fallen asleep for his winter nap. Now he would be nourished by the stored fat in his body and kept warm by his thick fur coat. He would awake next February and—

But all of a sudden Pat yelled, "Jerry come here, there's Greedy! He's come back!" And away he went out the door and down the garden path.

Jerry rushed to the window and sure enough there came Greedy.

Belated Banquet

Once more Dame Nature spreads
a cloth,
A smooth white cloth for bright-eyed
bird;
But with a strange perversity,
Forgets the feast . . . it's quite absurd.

February 1952

Here are the sparrows . . . trustful mites,
And starlings, somber in their best;
While blue jays know what hunger
means,
Though cocksure souls, and better
dressed!

I watch them, as with hopeful look
They gather on the high-piled fence;
I must play hostess . . . quickly, too,
And soften Winter's negligence!

By Virginia Grilley

"Sam" Trusts Me

By Harry J. Entrican

LET'S talk about "Sam," who is a woodchuck or, if you prefer, a ground hog. Sam occupies a small piece of territory forty feet from my cabin door. He used to think it was enemy ground; now he knows better.

I had lived at Boot Lake, in Michigan's Hiawatha Forest, a number of years before Sam turned up. I came out of the cabin one morning and there he was, sitting on a fresh mound of dirt. Seeing me, he disappeared. My land is known by the wild creatures as a place of sanctuary, and I figured Sam had gotten the information on the grapevine. But for weeks he wouldn't trust me.

Since he was so shy, I merely tossed carrots in the direction of his home and didn't bother him. Sam ate the offerings but wouldn't accept my offer of friendship. Oh, he got so he wouldn't dive into his den when I came out of the cabin, and found courage enough to amble around a little while I walked about doing my daily chores. That was a compliment and a beginning.

One day Sam ventured farther from home and discovered the refuse pile. He succumbed to the lure of civilization. In the morning I'd find him wrestling tin cans around and having a high old time. He'd sit up with a tin can tightly clutched and peer at me with his shoe-button eyes; he hated to let go. He was careful, but he wasn't too afraid of me now.

One morning after that I heard the darndest racket. Squeals of fright and pain filled the air. I rushed out, fearing that Sam had been trapped by some enemy. All I could see was a two-legged can scooting around the yard. It was Sam. He had gotten a little piggish and, in attempting to sample some delicacy, had ventured too far.

It wasn't hilarious to me. I could understand the fear and panic that must have been racing through his mind. He was squalling and trying to force off the tenacious enemy. I talked to him soothingly, gently placing my hands around his body. He stopped struggling instantly, probably paralyzed with fear.

Talking softly, I got a secure grip on the little fellow. In a minute his thudding heart slowed down to almost normal. He recognized me. Having his head imprisoned by some unknown enemy must have been terrible for Sam. But a human touching him? That must have been horrifying.

Placing his body between my knees, I gently worked the can from his head. After holding him a moment, I set him on the ground.

He peered about, dazed, and then sat up and looked at me. No fear was in his eyes. He looked at the can, looked at me again, and then waddled wearily to his den. Before entering he turned and looked at me once more.

Every spring Sam is around, but I'm the only one he trusts. Right now he's sleeping and he sure took a lot of fat with him, enough to last him through his hibernation. I know that this spring, like every other, Sam will first sniff from a distance to make certain it is I, then he will come scooting for his handouts. Sam doesn't forget.

I've proved, to my satisfaction, that wild animals will trust man. When in need they seem to recognize instinctively who is a friend. I wouldn't harm Sam and he knows it.

Rescue by a Horse

By Helmer O. Oleson

HOWARD McDONOUGH, former member of the New York City Mounted Police, relates the story of "Wexy," his famous swimming horse.

One bright summer day, Patrolman McDonough, on duty at Coney Island, led Wexy to the edge of the ocean where the surf pounded against the rocks and sent white foam flying into the air. He decided it would be fun to teach the horse to brave the waves and to swim.

Patrolman Mack backed the big red horse into the water so he would lose his fear of the onrushing waves. Then, he urged Wexy forward into the surf. Gradually the horse began to enjoy the surf bathing and daily swim.

A day finally came when Wexy's prowess as a swimming horse was of extreme value. A little girl ventured beyond her depth at one end of the beach which was rather deserted, and was drowning. Several women who witnessed the incident began to scream for help!

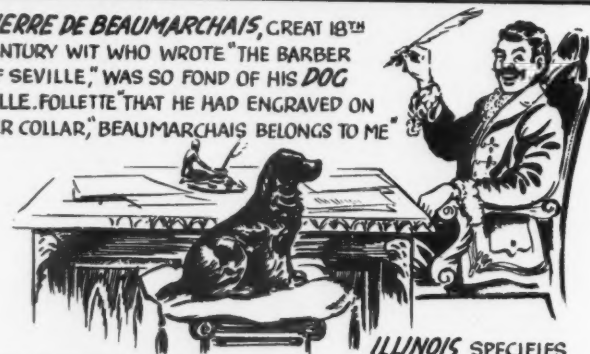
Patrolman McDonough who was on duty a half block away heard the screams, and put his spurs to the great horse's side. Wexy, with pounding hoofs, charged at breakneck speed for the waterfront. He rushed like a flash toward the surf and, plunging recklessly into the waves, began swimming with his long powerful legs toward the drowning child.

In a few minutes, Patrolman McDonough was riding back to shore with the child in his arms. Wexy and his master were heroes thereafter in Coney Island.

DOG ODDITIES

By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER

PIERRE DE BEAUMARCHAIS, GREAT 18TH CENTURY WIT WHO WROTE "THE BARBER OF SEVILLE," WAS SO FOND OF HIS DOG "MILLE-FOLLETTE" THAT HE HAD ENGRAVED ON HER COLLAR, "BEAUMARCHAIS BELONGS TO ME"



WHILE IN COMMAND OF AMERICAN FORCES IN BERLIN, GEN. LUCIUS D. CLAY HAD HIS SCOTTISH TERRIER NAMED GEORGE AS HIS DAILY COMPANION AND OFFICE SENTINEL



ILLINOIS SPECIFIES THAT DOGS BE BURIED AT A DEPTH OF 36 INCHES



© 1950, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.

I WAS standing at the kitchen window watching "Mr. Blue" bring the calves in from pasture, when suddenly, the quiet of late afternoon was broken by a rapid rat-tat-tat on the outside wall. It sounded like what I imagine machine gun bullets sound like when they hit old wood, and with heart in mouth I ducked, waiting for the firing to cease. When it did not, I ventured outside to investigate and was relieved to find that my sharpshooter was nothing more formidable than a woodpecker.

He appeared to be in a terrific hurry to finish the job, and fascinated, I watched him drill a series of holes directly under the eaves.

Air conditioning is one thing—having one's house riddled with holes is something else again. Removing my apron, I flailed the air, all the while shouting, "Shoo, you pesky bird. Go away!"

He paused only long enough to give me a saucy look, then went to work as though eager to make up for lost time.

When the apron didn't faze him, I got my favorite weapon, the broom, and fanned his tailfeathers.

Apparently, he was no more afraid of the broom than he was of the apron, for he continued to shower me with sawdust.

Attracted by my shouts, Mr. Blue left the calves and sizing up the situation, began barking at the "pest," bouncing up and down on his short, sturdy legs.

Our woodpecker must have been used to dogs, for the barking didn't annoy him in the least.

"This has gone far enough," I said, and taking aim with a soft rubber ball, made him understand he wasn't wanted.

Fluttering gracefully to the picket fence which surrounds the door yard, he eyed us insolently for a second, then without haste, swaggered to the end of the enclosure. There, he paused for another look, flicked his tail and skimmed to a standpipe in the alfalfa plot.

In order to reach him, Mr. Blue had to cut through the barn lot and leap a dozen or so metal irrigation pipes, used to carry water to the hard-to-get-at places.

Wondering what the woodpecker would do next, I stayed to watch and was surprised to see him take cover in one of the metal pipes.

Mr. Blue saw him, too and without pausing in the chase, dived for the opening, which could accommodate his head only.

I don't know what the woodpecker was doing; probably teasing the dog by walking up and down, for Mr. Blue was as excited as a cat in the path of a vacuum cleaner. He twisted and he turned; he backed out and tried to force entrance at the other end of the pipe.

Finally, exasperated, with head in the pipe, his rear portion pitched at a ninety degree angle, he drew in a long breath and emitted a mighty bark.

Magnified and contorted by the close confines of the pipe, the challenge must have sounded like the roar of a lion.

Testimony of a Dog

They brought the culprit to the Court of Heaven.

The angel jurors looked at him and frowned,

And the Great Judge asked, "To whom was this case given?

Who pleads for him?"—And there was no sound.

"Come, come!" the Judge was sharp. "Present your witness!

Let one voice raise for him. Let one heart speak.

February 1952

"Mr. Blue" and the Woodpecker

by Ina Louez Morris



"Buddy Bearskin," "Sheila," and one of "Miscellany's" kittens all seem a little skeptical of Mr. Blue's version of the barking woodpecker.

Certainly, Mr. Blue didn't recognize it as coming from him and since he and the woodpecker were comparatively alone, he naturally assigned the sound to the bird.

He had made good time to the pasture, but he fairly flew coming back. A bird that barked like a dog was much more terrifying apparently, than the elephant that once crashed through our orange grove, and Mr. Blue wanted none of him.

The bird has long since flown away, but Mr. Blue, taking his constitutional in the alfalfa field, gives the irrigation pipes a wide berth.

By Helen Harrington

"Had he no quality that would redeem him?

Is this man wholly evil, wholly weak?

If so, he is consigned this hour to Hades—"

The messenger from Hell grinned, tapped his key,

When out of earth a dog came forward slowly

And laid his head upon the bad man's knee.

Weather Prophets

By Laura A. Boyd

THE ground hog, who wakens from his winter nap on Michelmas Day each year, is perhaps the most famous weather prophet in the animal kingdom but he is by no means the only animal to which man has ascribed the ability to foretell the weather.

A Pennsylvania German, named Bauer, made the following recommendations in the German Almanac for the year 1876. Good weather, clear and dry could be expected if the bats made fluttering sounds with their wings at sundown; if beetles utter a whirring sound and if the houseflies are full of "playful antics" toward evening.

Domestic animals have many ways of saying that rainy days are near. When horses and mules rub themselves and lift their noses skyward and sniff the air; when cattle stamp and paw the ground; when mules utter short cries; when hogs root eagerly; when sheep eat fast and dogs are restless and often eat grass. A thunder storm may be expected when cats lick themselves, roosters crow at unusual hours, moles dig many runways, cranes fly high and swallows fly low. Before a storm the forest birds will seek their nests, water birds will immerse themselves.

There is an old story which says that when Louis XI was king of France he had an astrologer in his court who claimed to be able to predict the weather. On one occasion when the king desired to go hunting fair weather was promised and the royal party set forth. Soon they came to a deep woods where they met a charcoal burner with his donkey. When he saw the hunting party about to enter the woods the charcoal burner approached them and said that the hunters should immediately seek shelter because a thunder storm would soon burst upon them. The king and his party laughed at this prophecy and continued on their way only to be drenched by a sudden downpour of rain within a few minutes. The next day the king summoned the charcoal burner and asked him how he knew the storm was coming.

"Sire," replied the man, "I can neither read nor write. I never went to school. I am able to foretell a storm through the aid of my good donkey. He never fails me. When his ears hang low and he rubs himself against a wall or fence then I know it is going to rain."

How to Win Pets and Keep Them

By Ruby Zagoren

DONALD ZAGOREN, seven, always wanted a kitten for a pet, ever since he was a tiny tot. He lived in the big city of Worcester, Mass., and his parents didn't think he should have a kitten. A short time ago, however, something happened that changed his parents' minds.

A big, ferocious bull dog was shaking up a tiny little kitten. Donnie was afraid of the dog but he grabbed the kitten literally out of the bulldog's mouth. The dog jumped on him but Donnie held the ginger-colored kitten high out of the dog's reach. The dog kept jumping on him and even knocked him down a couple of times; still Donnie clung to the frightened kitten, till finally his mother, hearing all the barking and screaming, came to Donnie's rescue.

Donnie brought the little kitten inside the house. "Can I keep him?" he asked his mother. Well, she and his father talked the situation over. First they had to find out whose kitten it was. They made inquiry throughout the neighborhood, but none knew whose it was, and Donnie, after all those years, had a kitten for his own pet. "After all," says his mother, "he saved the kitten; I couldn't take it away from him."

Donnie and "Ginger" are great pals now. Whenever Donnie goes to visit his grandmother in Connecticut, he always takes Ginger along for the ride.

How much animal pets mean to chil-

dren may seem unbelievable to adults. Yet there is a deep attachment there. Take the case of Genevieve Gregson, fourteen, of Deep River, Conn., who ran away from home with her dog, "Lucky," because she overheard her father telling her mother that the family would have to get rid of the playful dog who ripped apart many clothes.

One morning after her parents went to work, Genevieve, out of school because of the bad winter weather, decided that this was the time. She loaded a bag with a few clothes of her own and a big package of dog biscuits. In the sleet and rain, the two started for Middletown. By noon they had reached the small town of Haddam, six miles from Deep River. The proprietor of Pop's Hot Dog Stand was out shoveling his drive. He looked up to see the girl and her dog plodding along. When Pop said "That's a nice dog you have there," noting the girl's bare head and the kerchief tied around the dog's head, the girl burst into tears. "We're running away from home," she said.

Pop invited her in to get warm, and he gave her something warm to drink. Then he called his wife. She listened to the girl's story, and explained that after all there is no place like home. Genevieve's parents were notified.

And when her father came to take the two home, he promised that Genevieve could keep Lucky.



Donald Zagoren with his pet, "Ginger."



By Alvin C. White

THE association of dogs with music is well known. There can be no doubt that dogs like and make music that is agreeable to the human ear. Shakespeare noted it and spoke of hounds "matched in mouth like bells." In his time there were some gentlemen who, when they got together a pack of hounds, matched them for sound rather than for pace or markings. They were of all sizes and produced the effect of a glee chorus. Some of them were bred to be slow so that those following them could the longer enjoy their harmonious howlings.

Many persons who have little skye terriers or French poodles in the home where someone sings and plays the piano, will certainly insist that dogs not only can sing, but do sing, or at least have a musical sense which they express in a barking monotone or two. Many kinds of dogs, with their heads cocked to one side in a listening attitude beside the piano have been heard to suddenly burst forth in a near-musical melody.

Many experiments have been made regarding the sense of pitch in dogs. Two mongrel dogs at the age of almost four weeks, learned to discriminate be-

tween the middle C and the A above when sounded on tuning forks. They were also able to discriminate between whistles, piano chords and horns. To the deeper tones they were required to place the fore feet on a chair at the operator's left; to the higher ones they were made to mount a low box at his right.

Dogs have been found to be partial to the various instruments according to the breed, but the dog that will show affection or even respect for the bagpipes is not yet born. Dogs have marked musical likes and dislikes. Some have a liking for, others aversion to the piano, violin and flute, but all generally become enraged when tunes are played at a very rapid rate.

One music critic, however, had a collie that had a great love for Wagner, and would lie close to the piano when the works of this master were played, but would leave the room when other melodies were heard. This same dog delighted to join in the singing herself and was rather a nuisance when there was a musical gathering. But she was taught that she could join in only two songs and must thereafter remain silent. She sang them with every appearance of delight and seemed to be trying to

follow the key. When greatly uplifted she laid her head on the floor sideways, standing. When her first pups arrived her master and mistress were out of the house but when they returned the dog rushed to greet them, and after a boisterous welcome, she laid the side of her head on the floor and burst forth into a paean of praise and thanksgiving. This was the first time she had ever volunteered to sing without accompaniment.

Another dog, a Hampshire fox-terrier, seemed to have marked musical tastes and preferences. He adored Mendelssohn and hated Chopin. When he heard any of the former he would rush from whatever part of the house he was in and scratch at the door of the music room until admitted. He then would sit enraptured until the playing was over when he would express his satisfaction with a bark. On the contrary if Chopin was played he would come rushing to seize the skirts of the player, trying to stop the performance. Once a trick was played on the dog and a combination of Chopin and Mendelssohn was offered. He was obviously bewildered and kept cocking first one ear and then the other, raising protesting paws. Finally he barked his dissatisfaction and walked out of the room.

An Airedale was known to come to the door and howl pitifully when a clarinet was being played, but never to howl when the piano was played. The writer, who often played the piano at a friend's home, on one occasion took his violin, there being an accompanist in the gathering. Hardly had the first tone on the violin been played than the pet dog set up a dismal howl. This was a shock and a surprise to everyone for the dog was always present on other musical occasions, which up to this time had consisted only of piano and vocal. In another home the writer noted that the dog would be seen and not heard when the piano or violin were being played, but as soon as the young lady of the house sounded the first chord on the new piano accordion, the dog would start up a howl and continue until put out.

Another dog was known to lie down at the pedals of the piano and stay there until the player finished, but when a violinist played along with the pianist, the dog would stand beside the piano until the playing stopped. Some dogs have been known to hurriedly depart upon seeing a violin being taken out of the case.

Odds and Ends

Illustrations by Eric Wahleen



Ah, hum! Guess it's time to get up and go in and pester my master. No reason why he shouldn't be down in the kitchen getting my breakfast ready. It's time somebody around this house paid a little attention to my welfare. Oh, well, just another little cat nap. Then I'll really be ready for a big day.

Given his own choice he will prefer to sleep on the bed you occupy. I suppose he figures that if the rest of the household sleeps in beds, why can't he! No matter how much you twist and turn during the night he will stick like a burr.



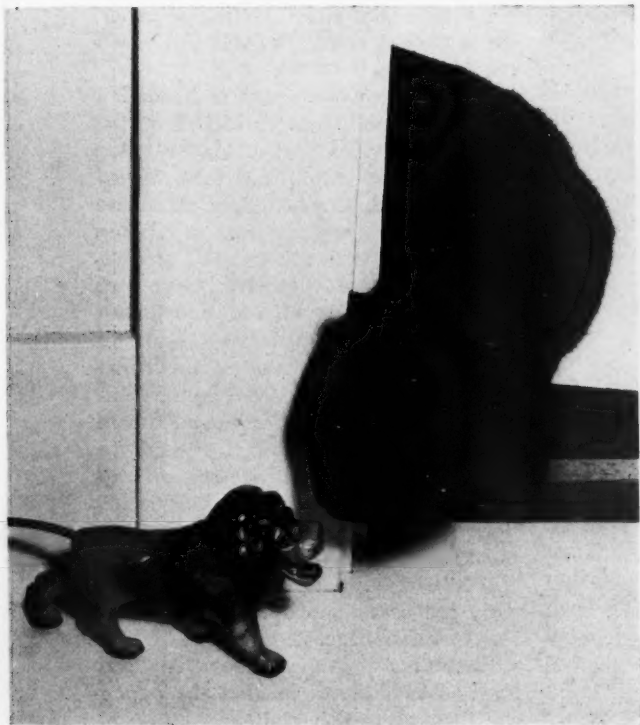
Of course, the time HE wakes up may not coincide with when YOU wake up. To puss this is a highly undesirable state of affairs and he will take steps to see that you get up at the same time he does. There is nothing more effective than a few persuasive cat nips to snap you wide awake in the morning.

Ends about a Very Domestic Cat

Puss will give any visitor a complete inspection before he accepts or rejects his presence. If puss finally accepts the visitor as a friend he will go through his whole repertoire of tricks plus a few antics he makes up on the spot to show the guest what a beautiful and smart cat he is.



Kitty frequently gets bored just sitting around being a cat all the time. He will search out ways to amuse himself. To a limited degree he will accept mechanical toys (which you will have to wind up for him), a toy mouse stuffed with catnip with which he can enjoy the ecstasy of a catnip spree, or a ball which he can chase, skidding with kittenish glee on slippery floors and banging into walls and furniture with foolish abandon. Even though you don't supply puss with a plaything or two he is capable of amusing himself with almost anything that happens to be in the vicinity, including his tail.



How to dispose of unwanted guests your cat brings you: This is a problem. You have a choice of a guilty conscience when you refuse to let in some stray that puss has brought home for inspection, or the equally hard decision of letting the stranger come inside the door, "just this once." If puss pleads hard enough he may win you over and then, alas, you will discover that the dog that came to dinner is a permanent addition to the household.



Robert F. Sellar

WE regret to announce that Robert F. Sellar, President of The American Humane Association, passed away suddenly in December. His death is a genuine loss to the humane movement.

For many years, Mr. Sellar was our colleague here in Boston, as President of the Animal Rescue League, before going to Albany in 1946. He was President of the New England Federation of Humane Societies and for many years was prominently identified with the work of the New England Livestock Loss Prevention Association.

The real monument to the work of Robert F. Sellar will be found in St. Louis, where the Lichter Memorial Building at 1210 Macklind Ave. stands for all to see as a tribute to his outstanding accomplishments in that mid-western city.

When Mr. Sellar arrived in St. Louis, around 1924, the Humane Society had only an office in one of the downtown buildings. It was through his efforts that a central shelter at 1618 Carr St. was quickly obtained and a real functioning Humane Society set in operation. His good work ultimately encouraged the late John J. Lichter to erect the Society's headquarters building.

During his many years in St. Louis, Mr. Sellar not only directed the activities of the Society, raised the money to run it, but also spent a great deal of his time investigating complaints of cruelty. To our knowledge he had no peer as a humane agent whose love for animals was never questioned. This and his great sense of justice made his name a by-word the country over.

His untiring efforts in behalf of animals will always serve as a guide for all who follow him in the work of animal protection. His kindness, his understanding and his expert knowledge of all phases of humane work will be missed by all who were privileged to know him.

Canine Labor Code

*He says he works like a dog.
Let's assume that he labors as ours do.
That still leaves a bit of a fog
On what canine technique he refers to.*

*Does he smell out his quarry with ease?
Does he bury bones with misgiving?
Does he go around barking up trees?
Or does he dig for a living?*

—Clarence E. Flynn

Changes in the Ranks

THE AMERICAN S. P. C. A. has announced the retirement of Sydney H. Coleman, Executive Vice-President since 1930. Before taking this position, Mr. Coleman served for many years as President of The American Humane Association, continuing in that position until 1945.

In Mr. Coleman's place, the board of managers has appointed Warren W. McSpadden, as General Manager. The new executive officer has been the Director of Education since 1939 and is nationally known as a leader in that field.

A native of Texas, he was graduated from the University of Texas and did graduate work at the University of Chicago and Columbia University. Mr. McSpadden has initiated many innovations in the Society's education program. He is the author of several courses of instruction on pets and animals for use by teachers in elementary schools and has directed the Society's obedience training program since 1944. A photographer of note, he made a sound film portraying Society activities. For his outstanding work he was awarded the National Humane Key by the American Humane Education Society, Boston, Mass.

To help him in his new work, it has also been announced that Arthur Amundsen, long-time shelter manager for the Society, has been appointed Assistant Manager. Mr. Amundsen was formerly District Manager at the Society's Brooklyn shelter.



—Fabian Bachrach Photo
Warren W. McSpadden

News Hound

By Norma M. Ryan

PATSY" has a definite purpose in life—that of meeting the Greyhound bus upon its arrival at 4:30 P.M., at Ligurta, Arizona, enroute from Yuma to Phoenix, and getting the Yuma *Daily Sun* from the driver.

The little, 3½-year-old dog has been carrying the paper since she was a young puppy and she likes her job. Her owners, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kyle, who operate a filling-station in Ligurta, never need to worry about getting a paper, for if the bus comes through, Patsy will not fail them.

Once in a while Patsy is handed a neatly wrapped paper which isn't the Yuma *Daily Sun*. That, drivers Max Carpenter, Lee Mull, and John Aitken say, is only done when the *Sun* is late off the press for some reason. When that happens, the drivers stall around, hoping the paper will arrive before they have to leave for Ligurta and Patsy. If finally the bus must leave without the *Sun*, the drivers insist that Mrs. Oleatha Erickson or Mrs. Mildred Purpura, employees at the Yuma Greyhound depot, wrap an old newspaper for them to hand their little "pal." They do not have the heart to disappoint Patsy who, they say, wouldn't understand about breakdowns, accidents and so forth which happen now and then in the daily life of a newspaper. So they resort to camouflage.

Patsy is a polite, well-behaved little lady. When she is handed the paper, she thanks the driver in dog language with a flash of friendly brown eyes and a wag of her tail (which is the length Nature intended it to be). If the arrival of the bus is a little ahead of schedule, the driver takes Patsy through the bus to meet the passengers. She likes to have a fuss made over her and she knows how to win friends and influence people.

The *Sun* learned of Patsy and her winning ways when a woman's voice pleaded over the telephone, "Please, will you send a copy of the *Sun* over to the bus depot right away?" This was a rather unusual request so by way of explanation she added, "You see, the bus driver doesn't want to leave without the paper because he doesn't want to disappoint Patsy."

In this way, Yumans became aware of the existence of a little dog who faithfully carries the paper for her master.

Newsworthy Animals

By Glen Henexson

MAYBE human beings, so used to reading about themselves, haven't noticed recently that the animal kingdom has also been coming in for good chunks of publicity. Given a pair of scissors and a paste-pot, you could almost make up a newspaper out of animal stories alone.

Back in the inside pages you'd find such little stories as the one date-lined San Francisco about the kingfisher who spotted a tasty mess of fish below and power dived—into the glass roof of an outside aquarium. Kindly zoo keepers revived the over-eager bird and sent him on his way with a substitute breakfast of less expensive fish.

But you could expect a pretty lively front page in your animal newspaper too. Take the case of the mountain-climbing kitten, even if you have to take it with a grain of salt. Mountain climbers around the Matterhorn in Switzerland swear by the story. Seems that Matt, a 10-month-old black and white kitten, tired of watching the human climbers have all the fun; so one morning without the benefit of alpenstock or ropes or guides, he took a little walk—straight up the slopes of the Matterhorn, a mountain that has claimed the lives of many men. He stopped at the 12,000-foot level for a breather, and climbers who saw him there thought he would never make it, but when they reached the summit, there was Mr. Cat, his sole discomfort the fact there was nothing to eat but snow. To cap it all, Matt made his return journey down the Italian side of the mountain, a much more dangerous route. But there was a reward befitting the most kingly of cats at the end of the trail—a warm saucer of milk.

And your animal newspaper would boast of at least one "whale of a story."



And then there was the kingfisher who liked his fish served under glass.

In fact, it's about a whale—who hitched a ride. A couple of Californians, cruising in their small power boat off the Monterey Coast, radioed to the Coast Guard that they had a whale on board. The Coast Guardsmen stood by with tongue in cheek to inspect the craft when it reached shore. To their complete astonishment, there were all the earmarks of a hitch-hiking whale, although the sea-going mammal himself wasn't around. The deck was splintered, the bulkhead collapsed, and there was a gaping hole in the bow just above the waterline. To add a final touch of authenticity to the story, there was even some pieces of whaleskin here and there on the deck. And how did the boaters account for the mishap? "We noticed a big wave, and then first thing we knew, we had a whale."

A Pet

By Nona Keen Duffy

There's nothing like
A kitty cat
To sit and hold
And stroke and pat;

A cat with whiskers
On her nose,
And velvet booties
For her toes;

A cat beside
The fireplace
To watch the flames
And wash her face;

A cat to arch
Her back and purr
Each time you stroke
Her silky fur!

Dog's Life

By Jerry Klein

AN ERRANT dog dragged into a Topeka, Kansas, court for biting someone was set free. A dog ought to have at least "one free bite," said the judge.

A woman took Fido along when she sailed for Europe, but English officials wouldn't admit the pup. She stayed on the ship and brought her dog right home, smorting, "I'll never stand up to 'God Save the King' again as long as I live!"

In 1938, New York City's Mayor Curran turned down pleas for a municipal dog playground although he admitted, "The city is a hard place for a dog." Said Curran, "If we build a dog playground then somebody will want forests set aside for canaries. And what about pet cockroaches?"

Who's Dumb?

By Edward W. Ludwig

WE CALL them "dumb animals," but sometimes we wonder if the term shouldn't apply equally as well to the human race.

Near Glen Falls, New York, the New York Power and Light Corporation decided to construct a dam across the Sacandaga River. Company officials selected the site and engineers began work on plans.

A few weeks later the officials revisited the site and, to their amazement, discovered that a sturdy, 250-foot dam had already been erected—not by them, but by a tribe of beavers.

Ann Coe of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was calmly proceeding with household duties when a shrill voice cried, "Ann, fire!" Alerted Ann discovered a fire in her chimney and promptly called the fire department, which extinguished the blaze.

Then she realized that the words of warning had been voiced by "Jocko," her pet parrot.

In Fort Benning, Georgia, a 90-pound parachutist of the 505th Parachute Infantry was awarded his silver wings after making five successful jumps without injury. His name was listed in the regimental orders of the day as a qualified parachutist and, to the envy of his colleagues, a colorful review was held in his honor.

The parachutist was the group's mascot, "Max," a rust-colored boxer dog.



(Left to right), Willis H. Hoyt of the Norfolk County Agricultural School, Walpole, Mass.; Dr. J. R. Pickard, General Manager of Livestock Conservation Inc. of Chicago, Illinois, and John C. Macfarlane, Director, Livestock Loss Prevention Department of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and Field Director with the New England Livestock Loss Prevention Association, inspecting a truck model built by students under Willis Hoyt, in cooperation with a program drawn up by Mr. Macfarlane.

Annual Meeting

By John C. Macfarlane, Director Livestock Loss Prevention

DR. J. R. PICKARD was the principal speaker at the annual meeting of the New England Livestock Loss Prevention Association held at the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. recently. He complimented the work we are doing to bring about a better understanding of the importance of farm animals, and advised why we *must* reduce the brutality we levy against these patient animals. By any measuring stick, livestock suffers more from man's inhumanity to animals than any other group of animals on earth.

It is the undying determination of our Society to reduce this animal torture by whatever means at our disposal.

Several days were spent in consultation with Dr. J. R. Pickard from Chicago, William A. Peck, from South St. Paul, Minn., Ray Cuff from Kansas City, Harold Stone from Waterloo, Iowa, Dr. W. A. Young from Chicago, and livestock producers from many sections of the country. The broad overall picture of man's brutal treatment of livestock was thoroughly discussed.

I can well remember, back in the early 20's, working with a large cattleman in Wyoming, and the treatment of livestock was more humane then than it is today.

Man's feverish desire to "make that

extra dollar," and his belief that he must *rush* to do it, are two of the greatest contributing factors with which we are concerned.

Man's dual personality is explosively evident when he works with farm animals. Away from the animals he is invariably a kind and considerate fellow, but once he picks up a sorting cane and mixes with his livestock, he forgets his gentler self completely and becomes a pounding, bruising and crippling machine, bent upon a single objective—to get the animals moved in the shortest period of time possible, regardless of the suffering caused.

It is our belief that by recognizing the humane thinking of the boys and girls who will one day produce our nation's meat, we are encouraging the youth of America to study better handling practices, better equipment, and a more humane concept, so they will not fall into the same cruel attitudes expressed by so many of their elders.

It is difficult to change human behaviour patterns where animals are concerned, but we are determined to do so—we *must* do so if our nation's livestock are to be treated with human decency, and if we are to stop a meat waste sufficient to feed whole nations abroad.

Society and

Lame Horse

ONE of our agents examined a horse which had a decided limp in his right foreleg, and it was found on being taken to a doctor that the condition was caused by ringbone. The owner claimed that the horse was lame when he bought it and he had attempted to cure it. The agent advised the owner not to use the horse while it was lame. Later, it was found that the condition would not respond to treatment, so the horse was put to sleep.

Neglected Cattle

A REPORT was received that cattle were not being cared for properly. On calling at the farm one of our agents found the barn roof leaking badly, especially where the cattle were kept. The owner was warned to repair the roof at once.

The agent called twice again and found that repairs had not been made, so the owner was given a few days to dispose of his eight cows and a calf. He asked for an extension of time to find a buyer, and finally did dispose of the cattle.

This man has been in trouble before, and at one time previously the agent compelled him to sell two oxen and two cows, so that he could buy hay for the balance of his stock. His place will be watched in the future.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors three radio programs.

"Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

"Animeland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday in connection with the Children's Playhouse, 8:35 - 9:30 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

"Animal Fair" is presented by John C. Macfarlane each Friday at 6:00 P.M., over WBZ-TV, Channel 4 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

Service News

Dogs in Poor Condition

ONE of our agents called a second time to examine six huskie dogs which had been in bad condition at his last visit. They seemed to have improved very little. They had water and a pan of dog food available, but seemed uninterested in the meal. The owner was advised to try to find some food which would appeal to the dogs, and to clean up the kennel, which looked neglected.

Birds Trapped

ON the ledge of an office building in town some strips of a substance supposed to keep birds from alighting had been placed and two pigeons were trapped in the sticky substance. At great personal danger, one of our ambulance drivers freed the birds and brought them to the Hospital.

The distributor of this substance was contacted, and he was warned that this trapping of birds must stop at once, or court action will take place.



A well cared for calf at its mother's side.

February 1952

Babies Can't Take It

ALL new-born creatures are provided by nature with an uncanny ability to "live," often under the most impossible conditions.

When a baby calf is born it should have the chance to nurse at its mother's side, otherwise it can not possibly have what it takes to go on living with absolutely no care or food whatsoever. This is pretty much the story of New England's unwanted new-born calves.

To have the physical stamina necessary to survive, a baby calf should have the first three or four milkings from its mother. These first feedings we call "colostrum." Colostrum is a very important starting food that gives the baby calf additional physical strength to "take it" during the starting hours of its life. There are many dairymen in New England, however, who will not permit a new-born calf to suck at its mother's breast, and these men are responsible, whether they like it or not, for one of the greatest cruelties that exists today—a cruelty that causes the death of many thousands of calves annually.

Authorities differ in their opinions, but most of them will say that the first three milkings from a cow that has "dropped" a calf are unfit for human consumption. Yet the farmers who refuse to permit a baby calf to take these first milkings aren't above selling it for human consumption. If the authorities are right and the first three milkings are not fit for humans, then why not permit the calf to get this necessary nourishment as nature intended.

A baby calf that has been allowed to nurse at its mother's side for a few days will bring a high price when sold on the market. It is a stronger calf and is much better equipped to stand the long haul to the auction sale or the slaughterhouse.

To see these baby calves lie dead at stockyards and auction sales all over America is to wonder "why." Is man so careless by nature that he will permit these little creatures to die rather than receive less in his milk check?

Hardly a day goes by that you cannot find several of these immature babies lying dead at unloading platforms or in truck bodies all over New England. Fortunately, there is a percentage of dairymen who are careful and considerate and who will keep these young-

sters with the mother for three or four days after they are born.

There must be something, however, that we can do through the work of the New England Livestock Loss Prevention Association and more specifically through the efforts of our livestock department to lessen these cruelties?

Imagine, if you will, a cow that has given birth to a baby calf and then visualize the farmer or the auction hand or stockyard employee going into the pen and taking the baby calf away from its mother. At one auction sale in Vermont these new-born living things are not even subjected to the kindness of being lifted by human hands. They are kicked from under the mother out into an alley and then kicked forty or fifty feet to a calf pen where they are then unceremoniously kicked into the pen to mingle with the thirty or forty other unfortunate little animals like themselves. At this point usually someone will enter the pen and rivet an identification tag into the tender tissue of the calf's ear. This identification of course facilitates the keeping of records at the time the calf is sold. It would seem to me that a more humane method of identification could be discovered.

Those calves that are endowed by their Creator with a strong body are able to walk up into a truck or into a calf pen by themselves, but there are a tremendous number that are born weak, and it is my opinion that if all of the baby calves marketed in New England each year were to be subjected to federal or state meat inspection a high percentage of the little animals would be condemned as immature. Unfortunately, a great many New England dairymen recognize this fact and they see to it that these little calves are slaughtered at uninspected places.

I recognize, and always have, that it doesn't behoove any one of us to arbitrarily say stop what you are doing, unless we are able to offer a better "do." In the case of the baby calf I am frank to admit that I do not know the answer, but where we are dealing with hundreds of thousands of these little creatures the problem presents such a terrifying responsibility that I feel it is the major problem confronting us today in the protection of our nation's livestock.

—John C. Macfarlane

Director, Livestock Loss Prevention

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Stumbletoes" Diary

By Estelle Delano Clifton

MY master took me riding again today, and it was fun. I saw a chipmunk along the side of the road and got very excited, but my master wouldn't let me get out and chase him.

It seemed only a minute before we came to the place where all the buildings are. Of course I like my home better because I have fields and woods to run in.

We stopped at different places. I didn't try to jump out because now I know I must wait until my master says: "All right, boy, you can come along."

Sometimes I moved over behind the wheel and sat up very straight. A few people stopped and spoke to me, but I didn't pay much attention to them. My master brought out some things and put them in the back of the car, and then went away again.

It was tiresome just sitting there. I did see a few dogs, but they didn't amount to much. Suddenly I smelled meat. I jumped into the back seat and stuck my nose into a bag. There were some hard things in it, so I took one out gingerly and put it on the back seat. Then I bit into it and something squashy fell out all over everything. I didn't like that, so I tried another bundle.

Just then my master came along, and what a scolding I got! He pointed to the squashy thing, and then to the bundles and said: "You must not touch things that are left in the car." He was quite cross, so I think I'll remember it, although I may not.

On the way home, I put one of my paws in his lap and leaned up against him. He patted me and said: "All right, little Stumbletoes, you'll learn." So I think he still likes me.

As soon as we got home, I rushed into the house to see my mistress and Michael. This morning Michael put his funny little fingers on my head, and it felt good. I think I'm going to like him, but of course I'll never like anyone as well as my master.

Be Kind to Animals Week will be celebrated this year May 5 to 10, with Humane Sunday on the 4th. Make plans now to do your share.

Answer to Puzzle which appeared in January: ACROSS—1. Hr., 3. Boot, 4. Ry., 6. Ere, 7. Book, 8. An, 9. Coal, 11. Ark, 12. Dr. DOWN—1. Horn, 2. Roe, 3. Bear, 4. Roar, 5. Yolk, 7. Boar, 10. Ivy.

"Starlight" Ran Away

MY little calf's name is "Starlight." When she was one week old, she ran away. She was gone for two days and one night. My father found her in the woods and when he did she was just as frisky as ever.

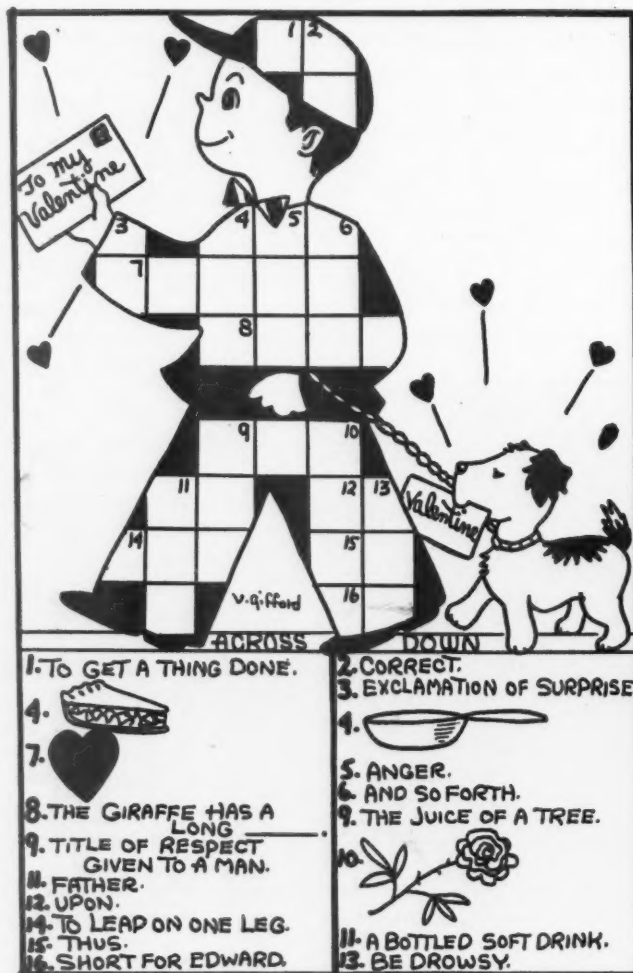
She was so anxious to get back in the barn that she pulled my father down.

—Bonnie Sarafin (Age 8)

Four Little Ducklings

Four little ducklings walked down the street,
Stepped in a puddle and wet their feet.
Then they ran home as fast as they could,
And dried their feet by a fire of wood.

—Francis Zebrowski (Grade 6)



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Our Cat

By Arsine V. Avakian (Grade 5)

WE have a cat named "Kitty." She is about nine and one-half years old. She has had about seventy-five kittens. We have three kittens now. I hope we find good homes for them.

Kitty was a lost kitten about three months old before we owned her. She found my father once when he was in the shop office. She kept rubbing against him, so he brought her home.

The reason she is called Kitty is that we forgot to name her when she was small. Now she is too old to have her name changed.

Once my father tried calling her "Fido," and "Fiddo." Kitty knew he was calling her, but she just turned her head and sat still. I guess she didn't like those names.

Have you an interesting story about your pet, one that you think other boys and girls would like to read? If so, we should be glad to have you send it in. If you have a good, clear picture of yourself and pet send that too. The story should be short, and, of course, your own composition. Give your age and have your mother or teacher certify that the story is original with you.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.



"Oh, dear, it seems to me your pulse is beating much too fast," Janie tells "Prince," who doesn't look a bit worried. He loves Janie and doesn't mind when she plays doctor.

Mr. Groundhog's Day

By
Violet M. Roberts



Mr. Groundhog donned proudly his hat with a feather
As he said to his gray little wife:
"Today I had better take a look at the weather
And end the forecaster's strife!"

"My lunch box," he said, "and I'll need my red cane,
This crick in my back is a fright;
After six months of sleep during snowstorms and rain
I've an elephant's appetite!"

Then visions of marbles, new dolls in a bed—
Oh my, just hundreds of toys—
Began spinning around in Mr. Groundhog's head
As he thought of the girls and the boys!

"They need WARM weather to play with a toy,
If only I could arrange it,—
"I know," he exclaimed, "what they will enjoy
And no one will ever surmise it!"

Mr. Groundhog went forth with his hat and its feather,
He was pleased as he paused at the door:
No shadow he'd see—regardless of weather—
THROUGH THE DARK-COLORED GLASSES
HE WORE!

THE judge was having great difficulty explaining the American flag to an elderly immigrant. Finally, at his wits' end, the judge roared: "The flag! The flag! What flies over the courthouse?"

Puzzlement clouded the face of the immigrant; then, like a dawning day, the answer came, "Oh, Peejuns?"

—Our Young People



Harry J. Blake, head of the Christmas Festival Committee, assists Santa Claus (John C. Macfarlane, Director of Livestock Loss Prevention for the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.), and Juli Dane in serving delicious Christmas dinners of oats, carrots and apples, to the assembled horses.

Annual Horses' Christmas

ONCE again the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals celebrated its annual Christmas for the Horses. Three horse-drawn trucks, each decorated gaily with a Christmas tree, and laden with hundreds of bags of oats, carrots and apples, went first to the Boston Common to take part in the great Christmas Festival being conducted by the City of Boston.

Mr. Harry J. Blake, head of the Christmas Festival Committee, was on hand to serve the first holiday dinner to a team of work horses, and, following the official opening, mounted officers from the Boston Police Department, escorted the trucks from the Common and started them on their journey through the streets of Boston, where free dinners were given to the horses of the City of Boston, while doughnuts and coffee were served to their drivers. Whatever remained of the feed was distributed at the various stables, where the horses of peddlers and junk-dealers are kept.

In connection with the Horses' Christmas celebration held in Springfield, Mass., officials of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. entertained five of the city horses, who had been civil servants, in

the finer sense of the word, for many years. Barn Foreman, Marshall Goodwin, in speaking of the work the horses have done, said: "Just this week, for instance, the whole bunch of them have been out in the very bad weather we have been having, just hauling away.

Usually they have a 40-hour week, like all the rest of us, but when the going gets tough, they're out there Saturdays, too, making up lost coverage on what we call the garbage and ashes beat. Speaking for 'Silver' and the other four. I can say this much," Goodwin concluded, "they're all over 20 years old, which is kind of old for a horse, whether he works or not, and they deserve every minute of rest they can get on that farm in Methuen."

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has arranged for the five horses to be sent to its Rest Farm in Methuen, where they will join 20 horses retired from the Boston Police Department. All that remains to make the retirement act possible is for the Board of Aldermen to act on a resolution supported by the Mayor and approved by the Common Council. If the municipality chooses to send the horses to the farm there will be no expense to the city.

Fire Goat

By Ida M. Pardue

MANY a dog has saved its master and family from a burning death, by sounding a fire alarm. And now comes the story of an alarm turned in by a goat.

In Holcomb, New York, a farmer was rudely awakened from sleep by a loud banging on his back door. When the farmer got up to check, he discovered a fire raging on the property adjoining his. And the informant? A goat, which had insistently butted the door until it was opened.



Five horses owned by the City of Springfield receive their Christmas treat of oats, carrots and apples. Assisting in serving the horses are (left to right), Mayor Brunton; Santa Claus (S. P. C. A. Agent Charles Marsh); Supt. of Streets and Engineering Charles Bailey; Barn Foreman Marshall Goodwin; Dr. Alexander Evans, Chief of Staff of the Rowley Memorial Hospital and Shelter; Mrs. William J. Warner, President of the Springfield S. P. C. A. Auxiliary.



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DOG FOOD
HARDER
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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1952.

Cash prizes amounting to \$160 are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize\$25.00
Second Prize 20.00
Third Prize 15.00
Five \$10.00 prizes
Ten \$5.00 prizes

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. for further details.

For information in regard to the Poster Contest write to Director of Education, Massachusetts S.P.C.A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.



Roses Are Red!

YES, that is the way many of the valentines of our youth began. Old fashioned, perhaps, and yet, they served their purpose well. For, after all, what is Valentine's Day but a time for the exchange of friendly greetings — messages of friendship and good will. It is an old custom and a good one.

Why not plan your message this year as a constant reminder of you each month. In other words, let your valentine be an enduring one.

Make up your mind to send your greeting in the form of an inexpensive gift, one that will appeal to the best in all of us — love, justice, compassion.

What we are trying to say is that *Our Dumb Animals* will make an excellent valentine.

Just fill out the blank below and send it with the subscription price of \$1.50 to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We will do the rest.

Greetings on Valentine's Day

This Valentine good for one year's adventure in kindness, justice and mercy.

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send a year's subscription (or subscriptions) to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** to the following:

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